THE NEW REPUBLIC

What Went Wrong?

What is the critical lesson of Bahia de Cochinos for the conduct of our "new and deeper struggle" against a rival clearly able to menace US security, as the President warned, "without the firing of a single missile or the crossing of a single border"? It is that even if a beachhead had been established and Castro deposed, a Cuban regime of the stripe envisaged by the Central Intelligence Agency would have been most unlikely to consolidate effective, enduring control over the island. The US was backing as successor to Castro the relatively unknown Manuel Artime Buesa – whose support lay with the more conservative sections of the Revolutionary Council, commanding little influence in Cuba today – while "shouldering aside" (to quote a New York Times *editorial) the better-established opposition leader Manuel Ray, who "had the best underground organization in Cuba" but was believed by CIA to have political and economic ideas that were "too radical." The story of the events leading to the debacle of April 19 is a case history in how not to go about the recruitment of non-Communist, nationalist partners for the political, economic and para-military struggle abroad. It begins in the fall of 1959. The CIA began then to assist in the formation of a small fighting force of Cuban exiles, though fearing, at that point, not so much a Communist takeover as the possibility of anarchy should the inexperienced young regime prove unable to govern. It was as the early months of 1960 went by, as Castro seized more and more US property and signed provocative agreements with the Sino-Soviet bloc, that the US began to take a more active role in shaping the strategy of the exiles. In April, 1960, the Democratic Revolutionary Front (DRF) was set up in Miami. Much was made of the fact that the five exiles comprising its board – including Manuel Artime,* (Continued on page 3)

May 1, 1961, 25 cer

WARREN W. GAYMAN
2633 Rochon Way
Sacramento 18, California

11-61 K32187 R11-7-0

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T.R.B. *from Washington*

The Worst and the Best

★ We watched Kennedy, fascinated. Thursday the editors; Friday the reporters. Here was a President in trouble, taking a licking on Cuba, tempted to turn a fiasco into a disaster. Would he panic?

The band gave four ruffles and flourishes, then broke into the first bars of *Hail to the Chief* as he strode up behind the long speakers' table in the big Statler ballroom for the editors' annual meeting. Every eye searched his demeanor. It was a good speech for what he did not say. He did not bluster nor pound the lectern; he did not make excuses, he did not mawkishly invoke God. On the other hand, he did not say very much. There wasn't much to say. He was grim and cool and collected, still using understatement. One thought of his youth particularly. Here was a young man who had made a bad mistake of judgment but who seemed capable of learning. The audience, I think, was deeply impressed.

Next day, the press conference. Now the furnace was hotter. The secret was out now. All pretense was over – we had mounted the invasion, planned it, drilled it, financed it, delivered it: it was invasion by proxy. It made the public anti-intervention qualifications by Kennedy and Adlai Stevenson look cheap. The scheme was inherited from Eisenhower but was adopted by Kennedy. It had been intended as a skirmish with only about 1,200 men involved, but it had been Madisonavenuized until the whole world knew of it in advance with the CBS broadcaster in Miami seeming to have a copyright on it with a blow by blow account of the "thousands" who were to be hurled in.

These revelations were in Friday morning papers. But there was still an off chance they weren't true. Kennedy came in, always at a brisk athletic pace, blue pinstripe suit, reddish necktie, handkerchief triangled in breast pocket, and moved to the lectern. Four hundred and two correspondents present. Then he chilled us. He would say nothing more on Cuba. So – it was true.

This was the worst day of his Presidency, and the best. It was his day of success in Congress. He won four big victories all together: minimum wage, depressed areas, aid to dependent children of the unemployed and House extension of Social Security Act benefits. None of the votes final but each pointing to ultimate victory. Yes, the ice jam seemed cracking; it was an historic moment – Kennedy's public popularity finally rubbing off on Congress. Almost certainly it means he will get the major part of his legislative program.

And Cuba came at just this minute! Unless you knew Kennedy there wasn't much change in him. He was courteous, reserved and controlled. "I'm the responsible officer of the government," he said quietly of the Cuban fiasco. But there were no smiling interchanges and I thought he seemed quieter and more gentle than usual, perhaps "chastened" is the right word.

That Kennedy is just as politically tough as ever showed in the way he brought Nixon in for a Cuba briefing followed by the Camp David chat with Eisenhower. All quite patriotic and inspiring, of course! . . . but just in case the GOP *had* intended to play politics Kennedy coolly reminded them that it was originally an Eisenhower invasion, with Nixon inferentially committed.

That was the big news last week till the bigger news of Algiers topped it. The Cuban invasion was giving French journalists a good laugh – "Budapest managed by choir boys" – until, alas, disaster put de Gaulle against the wall. No nation can be smug very long, it appears, save the Russians!

A Nice Democratic Revolution

★ So much for the Cuban fiasco. But how about the future? The thing to remember, I think, is that we can heave Castro out of Cuba any time we want to with a wave of the hand. We have the regiments all right and most Americans ache for the excuse. But if we do it we might as well pull our ambassadors out of every country in Latin America; they will be no good to us anymore. The terrifying thing is the amount Americans have got to learn in a hurry; I still rather think young Mr. Kennedy may learn it.

Maybe last week's invasion was botched. But the fact is that the Cuban people did *not* rise. Fidelismo is allied closely with Communism, may turn into Communism and is past peradventure a dictatorship; but it has gained a hold on the masses (maybe temporarily) because it has given them reforms.

That is what we have got to learn. This reporter suspects social revolution is inescapable throughout Latin America and he doubts if we have the time or our bankers the wit (Export-Import, International Monetary Fund and the like) to steer it through gradualist channels. We want a nice democratic social revolution in which United Fruit Co. property rights are respected. Our conservatives want to fight Communism the cheap way: jail liberals at home and cut down foreign aid. Well, we are sorry; we don't think it will wash. We can appeal for "liberty" and "democracy," but what do those words mean to empty bellies? How can you be free if you are landless and starving? The peasants of Cuba have got the promise of land, or think they have, and they and the plundered continent of Latin America now have the new image of Fidelismo. We can knock out Castro any time we want by force but that, we think, will only make the real problem harder.

Notes

★ The "Ev and Charlie" television show of GOP Everett Dirksen and Charlie Halleck is just too good to last; Ev's wild hair and Charlie's resemblance to the late W. C. Fields makes it everything the Democrats want. . . . Electrical union chief Jim Carey owns 25 shares of General Electric stock; he will rise at the annual stockholders meeting this week and ask GE President Cordiner how come on the price fixing scandals. . . . We thought Kennedy's tax message all right so far as it went; but even the *NYTimes* wants faster economic action – it "falls short of what is needed," it says, "it is but a small step in the right direction."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 144 Number 18 Issue 2425 May 1, 1961*
Published weekly (except for omissions of four summer issues) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C. Phone: FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 25c. Yearly subscription, $8.00; Foreign, $9.00, Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00. Advertising rates upon request. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Include old and new address.* *Copyright© 1961, by Harrison-Blaine, Inc.* *Item g. Second class Imprint, reading Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C.*

THE WEEK

1. What Went Wrong? De Gaulle and the Generals

ARTICLES

6. Catcalls from Latin America by Paul Vanorden Shaw

7. Letter from Berlin

10. The Trouble of Progress by Asher Brynes

13. Fantasy on the Right by Cushing Strout

16. The Superficial Aspect by Gerald W. Johnson

DEPARTMENTS

17. Books 20. Television 22. Movies 24. Correspondence

THE STAFF

Gilbert A. Harrison, Editor & Publisher
Helen Fuller, Managing Editor
Selig S. Harrison, Associate Editor
Robert Evett, Books & the Arts Editor
F. R. Ruskin, Assistant to the Publisher

Contributing Editors:

Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Frank Getlein, B. H. Haggin, Irving Howe, Christopher Jencks, Gerald W. Johnson, Stanley Kauffmann Helen Hill Miller, Michael Straight

What Went Wrong?

an ex-leader of the Catholic student organization at Havana University who had served briefly with Castro's rebel army – had all been anti-Batista. But Fidel Castro with his politically astute reforms, his demagogic mass appeal, and his police state terror was getting progressively stronger; to challenge him would clearly require men who were not only clean of the Batista taint but who were vigorous leaders in their own right, offering their own positive, revolutionary program. In August the first significant anti-Castro leadership within Cuba made its appearance with the decision of Manuel Ray to go underground after he was forced out as Castro's Public Works Minister. A University of Utah engineering graduate who had become a successful contractor (he built the Havana Hilton), "Manolo" Ray, as Ralph McGill wrote on April 24, "out of his engineering knowledge . . . became the sabotage expert for Castro. More than any one man he helped crack Batista's resistance forces and the morale of the people." Moreover, Ray's new Revolutionary Movement of the People (MRP) had enlisted three other senior Cuban leaders prominently identified with Castro and his reforms: Felipe Pazos, head of the National Bank until Che Guevara took over; Rufo Lopez-Fresquet, Castro's Treasury Minister, and Raul Chibas, a veteran of the Sierra Maestre, also once close to Castro.

The MRP with its "mixed economy," pro-land reform program, closely akin to that of Venezuelan President Romulo Betancourt's Democratic Action Party, had a considerably greater popular appeal than the DRF. The tired old politicos of the DRF, exemplified by the loose coalition's coordinator, Antonio de Varona, had played an honorable role in Cuban politics a generation ago. As the young liberals of that day, they sought a capitalist revolution within a democratic framework. But these were the very men whose failure to win a mass following had opened the way first to Batista, then to Castro. Events had passed them by, and after Castro's reforms they ceased to represent any substantial opinion within Cuba. In contrast to the loose DRF, the MRP leadership gave the appearance of unity and vitality. Consequently, reported Harold H. Martin on April 8 in the *Saturday Evening Post*, the DRF did not in the eyes of most Cubans "represent the New Cuba the revolution sought to create" and "has been losing ground" to the MRP.

Soon after its appearance the MRP had shown its ability to organize extensive anti-Castro sabotage inside Cuba. One would have thought that this display alone would have attracted sympathetic attention in Miami. But while the MRP favored the slow but more soundly based strategy of internally-directed sabotage and underground resistance, relying on US contacts only for logistical support,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the DRF wanted to be installed in power by an "invasion." And to the affluent members of the old oligarchy who were the most vocal of the exiles, the MRP was dangerously leftist. Thus when Ray escaped to this country last October, he was greeted less as a hero than as a trouble-maker in Miami and was told to take orders from the DRF. The MRP was cut out of substantial CIA aid for its sabotage operations. Meanwhile, Richard Dudman of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* was told in Chile by the Santiago representative of the US-owned copper firm Cerro de Pasco that a group of US mining and petroleum companies were contributing on their own to the DRF. The well-heeled DRF grew strong enough among the 100,000-odd exiles centered in Miami to claim dominance in the Revolutionary Council set up with MRP participation on March 22 under the neutral José Miro Cardona.

The DRF also got its own line on economic matters written into the "Minimum Program" of the new Council. In language which might have sounded a call to arms in Grosse Pointe or Duchess County but not, one suspects, among the *guajiros*, Miro Cardona deplored Castro's "destruction of the free enterprise system. . . . We emphatically assure those who have been unjustly dispossessed that all of their assets will be returned. . . . We shall encourage investment in private property, both national and foreign, and we shall give complete guarantees to private enterprise and to private property." For its part, the MRP insisted on a minute of dissent stating that it "will definitely nationalize the public utilities of light and power, telephone, aqueducts and railroads," with compensation for former owners, and pledging that foreign banks would remain under Cuban Government control. The MRP also favored a single-member constituency election system rather than the old slate system in which a "safe" seat could be bought by a wealthy candidate. All of this "may account for the fact," observed Harold Martin in the *Post*, "that our help to Ray's group has been miniscule. . . . To the conservatives both in and out of Cuba and to US interests who once did business in Cuba, these men too are stained. They represent 'Fidelism without Fidel' – a welfare state in which conservative capitalism would find it difficult to operate."

The seeming inability of the White House to maintain control over CIA operations in the critical weeks following the formation of the DRF-MRP alliance (*i.e.* the Revolutionary Council) is perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the whole affair. On March 19, the MRP leaders had met to discuss disbanding their organization – dismayed and disgusted at a broadcast attack on them as "crypto-Communist" over the US-subsidized "Radio Swan." Word had come from the White House, however, informing them of a Presidential directive downgrading the particular CIA operative (known as "Mr. Bender") who had been identified with partiality to the DRF and, in particular, to Artime.

On the basis of its belief in White House support for its participation on a basis of full equality, the MRP had agreed to join the new Revolutionary Council under Miro Cardona. But Tad Szulc has stated in *The New York Times* that Ray "had no advance word of the landings. . . . Most of Senor Ray's associates are in Miami, excluded from what had been expected to be a joint undertaking of Dr. Castro's opponents. . . . According to almost unanimous reports, Capt. Artime was the favorite of the CIA and of the agent directing the field operations." It can be stated on good authority that Ray, along with five other members (including Miro Cardona) of the Revolutionary Council, were in CIA custody at a government airfield in Florida from Sunday, April 16, until they were whisked to Washington for "invasion" post-mortems with the President on Wednesday and Thursday. The one Council member who was a party to the landings – ready to go ashore as a triumphant Castillo Armas – was Manuel Artime. ("I, Manuel Artime, convoke the Cuban people to revolt in fulfillment of my promise of a year ago," said the little-known 29-year-old in a proclamation beamed to Cuba from a patrolling ship on April 17.)

And who should turn up in charge of directing the landings? The supposedly downgraded "Mr. Bender."

This is not a story calculated to inspire much confidence in the CIA (or in the Joint Chiefs of Staff, two of whom, Gen. Lyman L. Lemnitzer and Admiral Arleigh Burke, urged the landing in written communications to the President; or the State Department, which did not assert in clear and forceful terms any determined resistance to the onrushing CIA-Pentagon blunderbuss). Nevertheless, the persistent question is why the President himself failed to see through the patently dubious advice he was getting; and why, once he had become personally involved in the direction of the project, the White House did not have a firm hand on what was happening in Miami. The responsibility for so careless a gamble with the nation's good name is his and his alone. He has had the grace not to plead otherwise. He has said that "there are from this sobering episode useful lessons for us all to learn." But he has given no cause for firm confidence that he is on the way to identifying and explaining these lessons.

Having swung a fist full circle and whacked himself in the jaw, the President's initial response on April 20 was to announce to the world, in effect, that the US was still the toughest fellow on the block. Most Americans listening to his remarkable address to the American Society of Newspaper Editors no doubt got some succor for their sense of humiliation and injured pride. Worldwide listeners, however, must have been agape at the incoherence of a US leadership which could say on April 12 that the US would under no circumstances send its own forces into Cuba and then about-face,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unashamed, a week later on no more logical pretext than that good behavior had not paid off!

The President declared in this address that "if the nations of this hemisphere should fail to meet their commitments against outside Communist penetration, then . . . this government will not hesitate in meeting its primary obligations, which are to the security of our nation." With this declaration he has gone very far toward committing the US to the overthrow of Castro – with US forces if this is the only way. And yet the threat may make actual intervention unnecessary.

This journal, in opposing US support for the exiles' landing two weeks ago, stressed that the logic of such a policy presupposed a willingness to risk US intervention; the disavowal on April 12 was in our view quite inconsistent and self-defeating. It would have been best, or so we argued, if Castro had been dealt with as a long-term challenge through a necessarily gradual buildup of non-Communist resistance in other countries of Latin America; even with the missile sites and the much-discussed Soviet MIGs, Cuba would not pose the present danger to US security of which the President speaks. It would have been best, too, had the threat of intervention been left implicit – as it has been, indeed, all along. But the abrupt decision to make the threat explicit does admittedly introduce an important new psychological factor into the Cuban scene. Though it is generally assumed that Castro is now stronger than ever, one wonders whether his surge of strength will last when the immediate propaganda triumph recedes. The fear of possible US intervention will now be constantly present. Stepped-up production for defense will aggravate his economic difficulties. All in all, Castro's situation is far from an invincible one; he might not, after all, strike the Soviets as a particularly promising investment. This points to the wisdom of a go-slow policy on the part of the US, centered around continued support for sabotage and guerrilla resistance and culminating, possibly, in an arms embargo should the Soviet-supplied arms buildup mount.

Whatever the next step, our guiding lesson is that the anti-Castro strategy should look beyond his defeat; that those likely to be effective in rallying Cubans to another banner should have a revolutionary *elan* rivalling Castro's; that nowhere in the world can you fight pro-Communist somebodies with pro-American nobodies. A secondary lesson would appear to be that the President has been spreading himself too thin. His momentous lapse of judgment in the Cuban decision after an impressive three-month performance in foreign policy could reflect a preoccupation with too many dozens of smaller decisions – decisions now held within a narrow circle of overworked White House advisers but demanding, by their specialized character, the more widely shared expert consideration possible in a systematic and comprehensive process of policy planning.

De Gaulle and the Generals

The tragic situation resulting from the insurrection of the Generals in Algeria has been in the making for more than three years, for a period dating well before the events of May 13, 1958, which brought de Gaulle back to power. The issue seemed at the time to be whether Algeria would remain French; in fact, it was whether the men who wanted Algeria to be French would take over France herself; and since the power behind those men was the Army, whether the military would dominate not only in Algiers but in Paris, too. The plotters of the *coup*, both civilian and military, spoke for a majority of the Europeans but for an infinitesimal minority of the whole population of Algeria. Their support in France was strictly limited until they decided to invoke the personal prestige of de Gaulle. Why did he accept? Since he had stepped out of the government in 1947, he had consistently refused to return unless called back by the whole people – above politics and parties. Yet he let himself become the creature of a faction. Why? Perhaps because time was passing, and it might have been his last chance to fulfill his self-chosen role as the embodiment and savior of France. Perhaps also because he saw his return, accomplished by the Army, as the means of healing the breach between himself – an Army man who had in the eyes of many of the professional Army men deserted Petain – and the military establishment which had had nothing but the taste of defeat since 1940.

It has been plain for three years that military dictatorship might be the only possible form of French rule after de Gaulle's departure; it has also seemed that open civil war might precede or follow such rule. But such dictatorship during de Gaulle's lifetime and not by him was foreseen only by those few who believed that the General had to make a clear choice – clear but cruel. Either he had to make peace (or call it appeasement) with the Algerian rebels of the FLN, or he had to make peace with the Army. In either case it seemed, at least to some Frenchmen, to be a kind of surrender. Instead, de Gaulle chose not to make the choice, to delay, to maneuver and to wangle.

The precise cause of the rebellion was the remark of Louis Joxe (the General's representative in Algeria) on the eve of the actual opening of negotiations with the Algerian provisional government, that de Gaulle would also negotiate with other representatives of the Algerian Moslems, in particular those of Messali Hadj's MNA. The FLN balked; it had agreed that de Gaulle might consult with the so-called other "tendencies," but not that it might negotiate with their representatives. The result was another postponement and a new lease of life for the so-called ultras. Generals Salan and Challe took advantage of the delay to strike.

Unlike Salan, Challe was de Gaulle's man – his per-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonal choice for commander in Algeria. Challe's "moral" justification was that in his time, in 1940, de Gaulle, who had been Petain's man, had created the precedent for rebelling against a superior on a great national issue. Challe's method – of psychological, if not actual, warfare – derived from a device of May, 1958 – a threat that paratroopers from Algeria would arrive in France and take over the government. Now, even more than then, no substantial French military forces exist on French soil; they are all in Algeria or in Germany. Therefore there would seem no possible military resistance to any such invasion by paratroopers.

Another element, perhaps one of the most important ones, is the role of Spain. The presumed accident or neglect which permitted General Salan to get out of his hotel confinement in Madrid and on his way to Algeria suggests that Franco and Salazar may have agreed to get the support of the French army – on its way to political power in Paris – for reversing the trend from colonialism to independence in Africa.

"SICK AND TIRED OF PROMISES AND SLOGANS"

Catcalls from Latin America

Rio de Janeiro

Even when partisans of the US do not blame Washington for complicity in the events leading to the Cuban "invasion," they blame "American interests" for financing and inspiring the anti-Fidelistas. In an unusual front-page editorial, the influential Rio morning newspaper *Correio da Manha* said on April 19: "Kennedy affirms that he has not violated the principle of non-intervention in Cuba. Juridically his position may be unassailable. It would be difficult to accuse the US of a formal aggression against Cuba. But it is not difficult to assert and prove that the anti-Castro movement has the sympathy of the American Government and is financed by the American interests *[sic]* whose properties were expropriated by the Cuban revolution."

Given the downfall of Castro, this paper asks, which group of anti-Fidelistas will the United States support? It asserts that if Washington should support the pre-Castro or status-quo-ante-Castro Cuba, the US will lose the confidence of all Latin America and will have given the victory to Fidelismo. "Fidel, because of the errors and omissions of American policy . . . is already a martyr before he is dead."

Against the background of the "invasion" we should bear in mind that if the literate citizens of Latin America had been allowed to vote in the last US election they would have converted Mr. Kennedy's "underwhelming" to an overwhelming victory. They liked him personally, all the more so because he is a Catholic. There has also been a widespread belief that the Democrats are more Latin America-minded than the Republicans, and the fact that prominent Democratic leaders like Adlai Stevenson and Senators Morse and Smathers made fact-finding tours of their nations before the election led Latin Americans to think that, once elected, the new Administration would fire a broadside of aid which would bring speedy relief.

From the official point of view in Washington, this is precisely what has happened. President Kennedy has repeatedly promised a new deal for his Good Neighbors. He sent Ambassador Berle to Brazil and "Food-for-Peace" investigating missions to discover who needed what food and when. But although ripples of applause have swept over Latin America for Mr. Kennedy, the clapping has been punctuated with catcalls. It is now obvious that Latin America expected too much too soon and took the American President too literally when he promised action and not merely more words.

The disappointment with Mr. Kennedy's generous attitudes comes from two things (forgetting the Cuban imbroglio for the moment) beyond and above purely local considerations and local interests. The first is that despite all the protestations of countries like Brazil that US aid to Latin America should be a revised version of the Marshall Plan, applicable to *all* Latin America and not a piecemeal program of specific projects for specific nations, the first unreserved response to a Kennedy gesture occurred in Brazil itself, when it became evident to the Brazilians that Uncle Sam had decided to bail Brazil out of its balance of payments difficulties by rescheduling dates-due of dollar loans and postponing other dollar repayments.

The decision of the monetary authorities in Washington and the statements of Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon while attending the Inter-American Development Bank meeting in Rio in April evoked rafter-splitting applause, because Mr. Dillon expressed full confidence of the US in President Quadros and his economic and financial policies; and because the US, by offering aid to Brazil directly and not as part of a pre-packaged aid program directed to a non-existent entity called

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Latin America," had met handsomely a desperate *Brazilian* rather than a Latin American need.

The second reason for the cool reception to some of Washington's offers of material, social and cultural assistance is that the Latin Americans, as they themselves admit, are sick and tired of promises and slogans. A highly-placed, well-informed Brazilian businessman, who is far from hostile to the US, blurted out: "You Americans talk too much." He then illustrated his point by referring to the $500 million grant to Latin America, proposed by Eisenhower, promised by Dillon at Bogota and approved in principle by Congress *last year*, which is still to be appropriated: "You Americans seem to feel that if your President has made a splendid speech promising aid, has developed an ear-catching slogan like 'Food for Peace', or invented a *simpatico*-sounding new idea like the 'Youth Peace Corps', we here in this part of the world should immediately feel better fed, more highly developed and more kindly to the United States. We know your country means well, but even you have a saying that 'the road to hell is paved with good intentions' and we are headed there unless we get action now."

The "Food for Peace" slogan, this informant claims, irritates because no starving person likes to confess that he is hungry, and no nation likes to admit that its food problem can only be solved by hand-outs of food from a generous giver. He objects to the name of the Peace Corps on the grounds that, no matter how underdeveloped a nation or people may be, they do not like to feel, or be made to feel, that US college graduates still wet behind the ears can give them the professional technical assistance and guidance they need. "We may be super-sensitive but there you are! Give us the food without the slogans and it will be more palatable. Send out your boys and girls but do not condemn them to failure in advance by holding an umbrella over them which makes them *antipatico* before they start. We need expert and seasoned technicians, not missionaries."

PAUL VANORDEN SHAW

Letter from Berlin

The Campaign to Vilify Willy Brandt

An editor of a leading British publication recently received this anxious account from a friend, long resident in Germany, describing the campaign of character assassination now being conducted against West Berlin's Social Democratic Mayor, Willy Brandt, who is challenging Konrad Adenauer as Chancellor in the forthcoming Federal election. Though the letter was intended as a confidential personal communication, the editors of The New Republic *felt it presented a significant, untold story, and have obtained permission to reproduce it here:*

Dear————:

I'm writing to share a care which surely has been troubling you too. The defamation campaign against Willy Brandt would have given you some bitter moments, were you still here in Berlin and reading the West German press every morning. After much domestic (and, I suspect, foreign) prodding the Chancellor was finally induced to answer a pressing opposition query in the *Bundestag* on March 8: "No one who emigrated for personal or political reasons can be blamed for it, just as no one who remained inside at his place can be blamed for having resisted. It depends, in every case, on whether the motives of your actions and your actions themselves were honorable." Although this way of defending an anti-Nazi past seemed somewhat inverted, responsible editors here and in West Germany did express hope that the Chancellor's words – followed perhaps by stronger and clearer language in party councils – would put an end to such frightful, destructive slander. Those were vain hopes, I can tell you. A week and a half later Franz-Josef Strauss made it clear that he took the Chancellor's "it-depends-on-*motives*" as a carte blanche. In Dusseldorf he told a CDU meeting: emigrating didn't make people heroes, remaining "inside" didn't make people potential National-Socialists. "But whoever did go abroad does not *[sic]* have to account for his political past openly."

As though Willy Brandt has not done just that, and with a patience and modesty that is without a parallel in German politics: but neither the details in the popular biography written by Leo Lania, nor the frank and disarming exposition of his views on religion and the Spanish Civil War in the *Spiegel* interview, nor even court injunctions for slander can curb a defamation campaign that is tolerated by the Chancellor, openly sanctioned with remarks by prominent CDU/CSU leaders like – the Defense Minister: "There's one thing we can ask Herr Brandt; what did you do for 12 years outside? We know what we did inside!" The Minister-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President of Schleswig-Holstein, von Hassel: "The CDU respects only those former émigrés who returned to Germany immediately after the collapse and took up their old citizenship at once." The Ministry of Interior of North-Rhine-Westphalia, Dufhues: "It's hard to imagine as German chancellor a man who wore a foreign uniform for several years after 1945. . . ." Or the CDU party whip, Bundestag Deputy Hoecherl, who asked: "Wasn't it more pleasant during the war to reside as an émigré abroad instead of risking one's life and health on the front or in fighting the Nazi rulers from within?" As if Willy Brandt had not risked his neck by returning incognito to Berlin in 1936 to help his political friends in the underground – as if it did not mean a sacrifice for one who had been deprived of citizenship to renounce a promising diplomatic career as a Norwegian in order to share the rations and the risks of life in Berlin in 1947.

[Willy Brandt as a youth of 19 had represented several German newspapers in Norway. When the Germans attacked Norway on April 9, 1940, he enlisted for service in unarmed units of the Norwegian defense forces. He was captured by the Germans that same year, but with his Norwegian uniform and his command of the language he was taken to be a Norwegian and finally released. By the spring of 1941 he had become head of the Swedish-Norwegian Press Agency in Stockholm, had written three books on the Nazi occupation of Norway and had been granted Norwegian citizenship by the government-in-exile in London. He returned to Berlin in 1946 as Norwegian press attaché and subsequently reassumed German citizenship.]

But whereas the most prominent national figures who are assisting the defamation campaign openly have exercised a certain shamefaced discretion so far, it is on the provincial and local level where slander has run wild. Take these two examples *since* the Chancellor's appeal for "objectivity" in the *Bundestag:*

According to the *Fussener Blatt* (March 22) the Bavarian-CSU deputy Andreas Haisch told a youth meeting: "We know that Brandt once fought in Spain on the side of the Republicans under the name Karl Herbert Frahm, we know that he was kicked out of Germany, and it is known that he served in the war against Germany as a Norwegian soldier and reported on the war-crimes trials after 1945." (Except for reporting the Nuremberg trials, there isn't a single true fact here: he was a civilian in Spain, and as "Willy Brandt"; the Nazis didn't gently expel their political opponents, Brandt fled; and he served the anti-Nazi cause as a Norwegian during the war in many ways, but *not* as a soldier.)

Dr. Hans Kapfinger – a provincial publisher, industrialist, and machine-politician, now being considered by the CSU as a *Bundestag* candidate – has been court-ordered to stop repeating lies of this kind, picturing Willy Brandt as an "atheist," "anti-German," and former "crypto-Communist." (The joke is that Kapfinger, who had managed to find a comfortable berth under the Nazis, actually joined the Communist Party in a Berlin suburb when the Red Army arrived in 1945!) This is the way this character presented Willy Brandt's good-will trip to the United States, in an editorial in his paper *Passauer Neue Presse* on March 18:

> "It's clear what Willy Brandt wants in America: The protection of those circles where we Germans are still called neo-Fascists and where criticisms of him are called *Emigrantenhetze.* It's obvious, however, that he's had no luck with President Kennedy. . . . In Washington, it has leaked out that Kennedy doesn't believe in a new wave of neo-Nazism or anti-Semitism, but that he is strongly interested in the background for charges against Brandt which are being raised by some of his political opponents, things about his political record as an émigré . . . Kennedy is a Catholic. He certainly knows from Catholic sources what grave doubts Catholic bishops in Germany have in regard to Brandt."

There follows a rehash of Brandt and the Spanish Civil War ("More about this can be read in the booklet *Who Is Willy Brandt,* published by CDU party headquarters, January, 1961").

> "We must give consideration to the incalculable damage which Willy Brandt and his crowd have done to German democracy's good name. . . . Systematically, the impression is being made abroad that all of Brandt's opponents are Nazis. . . . It doesn't surprise anyone that Brandt is defended in Scandinavia, where the wildest Germany haters in Western Europe are located. Scandinavian politicians are desperately trying to help Brandt. As if we Germans must let ourselves be told by foreigners whom we are to have as our Chancellor!
>
> "It is humanly understandable when influential Jewish circles, especially, find it difficult to speak well of the Germans. The swastika-smearing, exaggerated beyond proportion over there, did us harm. The resentments that hitherto operated underground came into the open when the US had to ask for financial aid in Bonn. That was something the Yankees couldn't take. Naturally, the German Ambassador Crewe has been the one to feel this swelling wave of calumny most closely, but he should not have gone so far as he did when, addressing Brandt, he ennobled his deeds as an émigré in Norway by calling them 'patriotic'. A German diplomat should not genuflect so

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> deeply in America before the apostles of public defamation that he becomes a hypocrite himself. For Crewe doesn't really believe what he said."

There are many very prominent CDU leaders who are disturbed by what is going on. There are many, too, who approve of "deflating" Brandt in the campaign on a slyer key than Kapfinger has struck. But Kapfinger's style shows where the campaign is headed in the provinces. A leaflet circulated at CDU Youth meetings in the Saarland last year actually twisted Heuss' conciliatory words of dedication toward the Jews (the "collective shame" of the German people) this way:

> "That it is possible in Germany for a person like this [Brandt] to seek the office of leadership of a people whom he so recently abused, that is, by God, something that could drive any decent person to feel the 'collective shame' that Professor Heuss referred to."

What can be done to stop this?

It is much worse, I think, and more symptomatic than the recent synagogue smearing. That struck a taboo which, after all that has happened, hardly any sane or even half-sane person would dream of breaking today. The defamation of Brandt, however, enjoys the highest sanction. The ugliness appears justified in the hearts and minds of otherwise fairly decent people because he threatens their political power. In this situation all the bigotry, self-righteousness, provincial prejudices and anxieties and repressed shame which is buried in this country can have a field day. It is really somewhat reassuring, so far at least, to see that the infamy has not yet become inflammatory. No, the campaign does not constitute a "revival of Nazism." Where it is most effective, it does not really provoke anger or hatred, but for now a narrow, stupid, self-gratifying sneer.

That, however, is bad enough. It is demoralizing enough. Brandt is campaigning on a program of class reconciliation, of keeping differences objective in a tolerant, open-minded democratic community which divorces itself more and more from the narrow, ethnocentric attitudes that made Hitler possible. He has been so fair that he felt he couldn't even speak openly in the US about the awful campaign to which he has been exposed at home. The thing I'm afraid of most is an electoral contest which will appear to have been determined by skulduggery of this sort.

Will the coming Eichmann trial put an end to this kind of defamation? Perhaps.

Frankly, I do not understand the Chancellor. Jaspers wrote not long ago about Adenauer's "deep distrust of the German people." In him, I feel, it must run deeper than it ever did in the heart of Brandt, who, after all, as he has said, would never have returned without some real faith in the German people. With his mistrust, Adenauer probably feels that such a campaign can keep people away from a Brandt bandwagon. So he tolerates it. He has often shown himself to be both shrewd and ruthless, but here I suspect that the political machine doesn't really let him in on "secondary" matters. In November and December, when the campaign was growing hot, Adenauer was confined to home by illness for 3-4 weeks. When he goes to the US he will only be interrupting "the rest" which his doctors have prescribed. In the States he stubbornly wants to avoid New York! This has been criticized severely by his supporters, as they feel he should face "American Jewish opinion" right now.

You know, it's a scarifying thing. People here are so accustomed to having the "old man" up in front. They no longer notice that he is actually 85 years old! Of course, he still hasn't named a popular successor, and that does present a real problem – with Strauss climbing up so swiftly in the party machine to within grabbing distance of the crown.

The weirdest thing is that the Communists started the defamation campaign against Willy Brandt before the CDU/CSU people picked it up! An "Institute for Scandinavian Studies" at the East German University of Greifswald sent 18 assistants to Norway in 1959 to hunt up dirt against Brandt. An institute member who later fled to West Berlin told the whole story. (According to the Soviet publication *Literature and Life* on July 6 and 10, 1960, Willy Brandt is still supposed to be a "Gestapo agent." "Brandt is a werewolf, yes, he's one of those werewolves who was selected by the Gestapo's fascist leadership to prowl around in postwar Europe to carry on the work of the Reich after its eclipse.") By the fall of 1960 young CDU students were in Norway following the same track to dubious characters (mostly former collaborators of the Nazis) who had set themselves up as press agencies to peddle biographies of Willy Brandt as a "secret Communist," or as a "secret Nazi," whichever the buyer would take.

How disturbing should all this be? There is the possible advantage of making Germany's future as a "decent democracy" again a compelling current domestic issue. The German people – of all age groups – are still insecure enough these days to respond quickly and sensitively to well-meaning comment abroad. I have a feeling that there are also, now, powerful forces on both left-of-center and right-of-center to counteract this insidious poison.

Only it would be so much easier if *der Alte* would turn some of his well-preserved energy and showmanship to make it perfectly clear that such dirt in political campaigning can only harm the estimate of his Germany by the outside world.

Yours, etc.,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Trouble of Progress

by Asher Brynes

The big battle over trade policy is a year off but the campaign began, as this journal noted last October ("Needed – A New Bipartisanship?" by Selig S. Harrison), when 16 Southern Governors repudiated the Democratic free trade tradition and embraced economic nationalism. Within a few working days after he was sworn in the President took up his position. "A return to protectionism is not a solution," he told the Congress early last February, in his message on the balance-of-payments problem. On the same day he followed through with an action that reversed a stand he had taken as a member of Congress. When he was a Senator representing the interests of his state Mr. Kennedy supported the claim of a Massachusetts twine and cordage concern for higher tariff protection. Now as a President representing the national interest he rejected the same proposal when it was bucked up to him in the form, technically, of a split decision by the Tariff Commission on that very claim. (The Commission operates with extremely deliberate speed.) The six Commissioners were divided two for, two against, two not voting in favor of higher duties on cordage and twine. He cast his ballot; it was final with the first pair.

Over on Capitol Hill, also on the same day, Sen. John Pastore of Rhode Island convened a subcommittee on textile imports to hear testimony about the need for import quotas to turn the rising tide (as most witnesses suggested) of textile products from low-wage countries that threatened to inundate our markets, and extinguish our industries. Out of old habit the witnesses slugged hardest at Japan, although that country has imposed voluntary controls on most of its textile exports to the United States. Textile imports from Hong Kong, which have accelerated sharply in recent months, were also mentioned together with shipments from the newly-industrializing countries whom we ourselves, as a result of our foreign aid programs, have endowed with credits for the purchase of raw materials and equipped with the machinery and know-how to process those materials into cloth and finished goods. In the production of textiles the most important of these are India, Pakistan and Taiwan or Free China.

Here is a dilemma that has grown steadily more acute since the passage of the first Trade Agreements Act in 1934, which was pushed through as a recovery measure in the darkest days of the Great Depression. Under this Act tariff levels have been peeled down slowly, as a cook might dismantle an onion, with a constant outpouring of tears. The hurt that is caused by cutting a tariff is hard to believe unless one is familiar with the dry literature in which these sufferings are recorded. Last June, for instance, a subcommittee of the Senate Small Business Committee heard more than 300 pages of testimony on the "impact of imports." Aside from the government witnesses and a lawyer who appeared for a liberal trade policy group, all of the witnesses but one argued for more protection against imports. Many were dissatisfied with mere tariff increases and called for absolute controls, quotas and the like. The single industry witness who spoke in favor of a liberal approach to foreign trade policy was refreshingly obstreperous.

"To sum it up very briefly, Mr. Chairman," he said, "I believe that the natural desire of any businessman, large or small, to eliminate his competition, should not blind us to the great and obvious advantages that competition brings to the industry, to our economy, and to the security of our country as a whole. If a man cannot compete with his neighbor, no matter what language that neighbor speaks, he must change his method . . . or change his business. This is economic progress and economic strength. Perhaps the US Government wants to help him to adjust to a condition where he is competitive. But no government based on our principles can want to eliminate the competition. . . . The suggestions made [here] that we subject our industries to the allocation straitjacket of quotas would merely subject our industrial strength to the same mess that now exists in agriculture, where artificial allocations of production require artificial allocations of markets, which require artificial determinations of price. There is no end to the straitjacket which these believers in free enterprise would put our industrial system into."

One does not have to endorse these brave words to see that the heart of the matter, as Mr. Charles P. Taft of the Committee for a National Trade Policy said on the same occasion, is that it would be a crass inconsistency if the United States were to shrink its markets for the products of the countries on which we are spending billions in foreign aid and investment capital. We assert we are making such expenditures in order to help them lift their living standards to a point sufficiently high to protect their people from the possibility of Communist subversion. Restriction of our markets

---

ASHER BRYNES *is an author and journalist who has served at various times as special consultant to the Secretaries of Commerce and Agriculture.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would amount to more than a neglect of this purpose. It would be tantamount to placing these newly-industrializing countries in a situation in which they must call on the Communists to complete what we were too faint-hearted to finish.

Over the past 25 years organized labor has supported liberal foreign trade policies because of its similar interest in raising living standards for American workers. Imports from low-wage countries normally impinge on what economists call our labor-intensive industries. Generally speaking, wherever much labor and relatively little capital are required to turn out the goods, as in the ceramic and textile industries, wages in this country, as elsewhere, tend to be depressed and trade union organization either weak or non-existent. As a consequence the impact of imports on such industries may have all the appearance of doing forcibly what organized labor in these cases cannot do, that is, help its membership to get out of such primitive industries and find better-paying jobs elsewhere. This shift has already occurred in much of the American ceramics industry, with scarcely enough complaint to be visible on the front pages of the big city newspapers.

Textiles are another matter, not because the Textile Workers' Union is strong but rather because of its connection with the two large apparel workers' unions. One of them, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, has been branching out into the more highly labor-intensive sections of the apparel and associated industries. Today it has jurisdiction not only over men's suits and outercoats, but also "pants, shirts, pajamas, underwear, outerwear, rainwear, gloves, sportswear and athletic equipment." Imports of these articles have multiplied fivefold, by dollar value, in as many years.

Last March 21, 1960, the Textile Workers' Union reacted sharply by inserting a long advertisement in the *Daily News Record* (the leading textile trade publication) of that date. "It is good, indeed, to see management bestirring itself before Congressional committees. . . . But is this enough? We say no, for the basic flaw in management's case for relief from imports lies in the fact that textile management does not speak for the million workers in its employ; nor does it speak for the many hundreds of communities which depend on it for its economic well-being. The sad fact is that management speaks only for itself."

At the biennial convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers the following June President Jacob S. Potofsky announced that, "we have enlisted the cooperation of the International Ladies Garment Workers, the Textile Workers, the United Hatters and the International Leather Goods Workers . . . to defend ourselves against the threat of extinction." He closed his address with a stirring peroration: "Do our cutters have to continue to cut fabrics imported from Japan? Do our operators have to work on fabrics made in Japan? Do our bushelmen have to alter Japanese manufactured suits? . . . We cannot be compelled to commit economic suicide."

This year Mr. Potofsky's union followed through with the declaration that its members would refuse, after May 1, to work on fabrics imported from Japan. It was joined in this boycott by a union in a completely different industry, the Chicago local of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, which said that its membership would not work with Japanese electronic components after the same date. The double announcement made major news. At the President's press conference on March 7 he was asked for his views on the use of economic boycotts by labor unions concerned about import competition. Apparently there had been much previous discussion on the upper levels of the Administration, for Mr. Kennedy's answer was crisp. He hoped the boycotts would not spread to other unions because there are statutory procedures under which the industries that are affected adversely by imports can bring their complaints to the Tariff Commission. Workers in some of these industries have been, indeed, hard hit but "they're not always able to make a judgment of what the total national need is, and also the . . . international need." He concluded with the remark that "two can play this game" of boycotts – we might find our export industries injured by discriminatory controls abroad, if we discriminate against foreign products here.

Labor's Duty

There has been more show than substance in these boycott actions. One of them, on Japanese electronic components, has been suspended and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers have just called off their threat of a boycott against Japanese textiles. Mr. Potofsky announced that he was taking this action at the request of President Kennedy and, as he put it, "in the national interest." At the same time he said he was prepared to negotiate an agreement for the limitation of imports of men's suits from Japan with the Japanese themselves. Their chief importance so far as the entire foreign trade picture is concerned, may be merely as attention-getting devices.

To understand what is going on we must grapple with basic trade union policy in these matters. According to Solomon Barkin, Director of Research of the Textile Workers' Union, organized labor has a duty to protect union members from injury in the course of technological and economic change. In its view, the personal and social costs of production should be carried by the enterprise itself, meaning the owners of the businesses in which the workers are employed. The price of goods and services should therefore include the costs of un-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

employment, sickness, retirement, conservation of natural resources, and the economic and social development of people and regions. What that adds up to is a claim for full protection from any fluctuation of demand for the services of labor traceable to any cause but catastrophe; that is, forces that actually disrupt the social order.

How does the businessman feel about this? Unfortunately, one has to put together the case for business out of scraps and bits, for it employs few spokesmen as perceptive and articulate as Mr. Barkin. The average businessman appears to work in a climate of self-imposed discipline as a consequence of the voluntary election of risks, or rather risk-taking, which characterizes his operations. If (he feels) he is to be saddled with the burden of carrying his employees through all economic adversities, too great a proportion of his working capital will have to be earmarked for that purpose rather than for the maintenance of the enterprise itself – which is another way of saying for the maintenance of himself in the role of businessman, whether he be an active proprietor or a professional manager. This difference of views is not a matter of degree but of kind; it is qualitative or absolute. But we live in a social order that is intolerant of the violent collision of interests which such differing views would generate if each side insisted on its own way. In our present circumstances both can unite to throw this problem on the general public, or its agent, the Administration. This appears to be one of the underlying reasons for the success of the welfare state in recent years. Its operations help to buffer the shock of these absolutes.

The Limits of "Trade Adjustment"

Until quite recently the industries that are strongly unionized have been less affected by import competition and, to put it bluntly, the liberalistic attitudes of labor leaders have led most of them to favor liberal foreign trade policies in the absence of real sacrifice. Now the liberal trader in the trade union ranks, as Mr. Barkin puts it, who may have "merely adopted the logic and argument of the free trade movement . . . will have to part company [with it] as the domestic impact of foreign trade becomes more and more evident."

Last February the AFL-CIO Executive Council issued a new statement on international trade policy. As in previous years it endorsed the broad national, political and economic objectives which require a continued expansion of international trade. It went on to say, however, that a modification of this policy was required for the Sixties – a new policy "that is proper both for America's economic and political objectives at home and abroad, as well as being fair both to American firms and workers and the nations that trade with us." Trade adjustment legislation of the type sponsored by Mr. Kennedy when he was a member of the Senate, and which is now being pushed in a more comprehensive form by Senator Javits of New York, was mentioned as the most effective program for workers, industries and communities adversely affected by imports. However, and this is the key point: "US trade policy should also aim at safeguarding absolute historic levels of production in significant domestic industries, so that competitive imports will not depress US production and jobs below their historic norm. The policy should be flexible enough so that as soon as modifications are possible, they could be reconsidered."

A large-scale study of these matters which is shortly to be published by the AFL-CIO defines this safeguarded absolute historic level of production as a standard "based on the recent experience of the particular industry prior to any unusual influx of imports." Once the specific standard had been set, American producers in that industry would be on notice that they had, as it were, an exclusive license to supply domestic consumption up to that level. For any sales above it they would have to compete with imports.

The apparent rigidity of this decision is softened by a conditional statement which is italicized for emphasis: "*It is possible that inevitable attrition in declining industries plus an effective trade adjustment program might make it feasible to gradually reduce the safeguarded level and thereby permit a greater volume of imports without adversely affecting firms and workers in the domestic industry.*" The process of natural attrition toward which the framers of labor's new policy on foreign trade look hopefully, resembles what is often heard in Washington when an impulse to economize passes over the government and an order to reduce overhead expenses goes out to the various bureau heads. They also hope that the rate at which civil service personnel leave spontaneously to take other jobs, or retire, will result in a payroll shrinkage that hurts nobody. What this emphasized sentence implies, as keen-sighted readers have doubtless noted, is that no realistically conceivable trade adjustment program can completely eliminate the trouble of progress, and this is precisely what labor objects to.

COMING

The Crime of Conspiracy

Abraham S. Goldstein

The Queen and I

Malcolm Muggeridge

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fantasy on the Right

by Cushing Strout

At the time of the McCarthy crisis James Rorty and Moshe Decter, in their book *McCarthy and the Communists*, pointed out that, despite his powerful influence, the Senator had no positive program, no organizing talent, no racist propaganda, no ideology and no fundamental convictions whatever. No one who reads *The Blue Book of the John Birch Society*, based on tapes of his founding-day addresses to his original followers, can have any doubt that Robert Welch, educated at the University of North Carolina, the Naval Academy, and the Harvard Law School, has the integrity of his convictions, an ideology of sorts, and a passion for "personal leadership" in a society under "complete authoritative control" without tolerance of internal debate. If he were made a "man on the white horse" with "authority over one million dedicated supporters," he says he would be able to put his program in effect. But the fact is that Mr. Welch's ideology and program are neither racist nor fascist, nor remotely capable of spearheading a mass movement in the absence of a popular demagogue like McCarthy.

The John Birch Society, established in December, 1958, at Indianapolis and claiming local chapters in 16 states and national members from 40, is flourishing in some wealthy communities of Southern California, where the social climate nourishes strange sects and large incomes. The *Los Angeles Times*, somewhat right of center, was recently moved to expose the Society as a threat to the conservative cause (the editors ominously invoked the cry of "subversion"), and state investigating committees are contemplating an inquiry. It is extremely unlikely that the counsel for the Southern California branch of the American Civil Liberties Union (who attacked the Society on a recent TV program) will have to make good on his admirably consistent offer to defend the rights of the John Birchers to free speech, for members of the Society are eager to find both a forum and an exoneration, which they will surely get if they are investigated.

Local criticism of the undercover movement has fallen back on that misleading cliché of the McCarthy period: "I agree with his ends, but I don't like his means." (The platitude, of course, assumed contrary to fact that the Senator was realistically concerned with getting actual Communists out of positions of responsibility, instead of with aggrandizing his own power by a remarkable talent for deliberate distortion and calculated confusion.) In its commitment to the tactic of "exposing" its political opponents as "Communists" the John Birch Society *is* McCarthyite, but to call it cynical would be inaccurate, for its charges reflect a sincere if deluded view of the world and a set of values steeped in a utopian and irresponsible mythology that the *Los Angeles Times* almost entirely ignored.

The true spiritual ancestors of The John Birch Society are the anti-New Deal Liberty League, the isolationist America First Committee, and the supporters of General MacArthur's protest against limited war in Korea. Though he has many enemies in common with hate-groups like Gerald L. K. Smith's Christian Nationalist Movement, Welch makes no veiled or explicit linkage of Communists, Zionists, Jews and Negroes, and his appeal to religious "fundamentalism" is theologically and denominationally vague, aimed to include "the Baptist John Birch, the Catholic Hilaire Belloc, and the agnostic Thomas Jefferson." If Mr. Welch is sensitive about the charge of racism, as his *Blue Book* reveals, it is undoubtedly because, like the America First Committee or the White Citizens' Councils, much of his ideology tends also to attract groups which are violently anti-Semitic or anti-Negro. The obsessive concern with an inflated Communist conspiracy, the complete repudiation of domestic liberalism, and the frenzied support of nationalist isolationism form a complex of intense feelings which animate both The John Birch Society and the hate-groups.

But the style of *The Blue Book*, unlike the tracts of men like Smith or Coughlin, is earnestly middle-brow with a sprinkling of quotations from Herbert Spencer, Spengler, George Santayana, Emerson and Tennyson. Mr. Welch is anxious to ground his feelings in some general view of history, which he borrows in an admittedly haphazard and metaphoric vein from Spengler and Spencer. Though raised in a North Carolina family of Baptist preachers, he accepts Darwin and preaches a vague spiritual uplift common in the more facile varieties of religious liberalism. "In fact it seems to me," Mr. Welch confesses in a long platitudinous chapter on his religion, "that to make us truly religious, we do not need to know anything more about God, man and man's relationship to God than is given by a reverent understanding of that line: 'Thou hast put an upward reach in the heart of man'." He has the indifference to theological questions one would expect of

---

CUSHING STROUT *is associate professor of history at the California Institute of Technology and is the author of* The Pragmatic Revolt in American History.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Malice in Wonderland

most casual middle-class Protestant church-goers.

His pleas are slanted to the disaffected members of what he calls "the vast business community," which must provide the money and membership for his organization. The Council of the Society has been made up of corporation presidents, retired military officers (Pacific Theater), a couple of doctors, ex-diplomat Spruille Braden, former Internal Revenue Commissioner T. Coleman Andrews, Dean Clarence Manion (former Dean of the Notre Dame Law School), the late Alfred Kohlberg of the "China Lobby," and one lonely professor from the University of Illinois. Mr. Welch in 1958 hoped to raise a million dollars and attract a million members. The dues are not cheap ($24 a year for men; $12 for women), but there are more severe limits on the possibilities of acquiring the mass base McCarthy had. Mr. Welch's genteel sensibilities are, for example, deeply disturbed by airline pilots using the weapon of the strike, thereby putting themselves in "the same category as chauffeurs and truckdrivers, no matter how admirable, and how necessary to our economy, chauffeurs and truckdrivers may be." (A charming note from a vanished era that Mr. Welch should instinctively think of chauffeurs, not taxi drivers.)

The political ideology of The John Birch Society is typical American business "conservatism," grotesquely exaggerated into a hallucinated, turn-of-the-century view of the world. His enemies are familiar – in domestic policy, the income tax, FDR, Walter Reuther, Chief Justice Warren, the "social gospel" in religion, the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations, the Eisenhower brothers (Ike is, according to *The Politician*, now withdrawn from circulation, a "tool" of Milton), President Kennedy, and agitators for civil rights in the South. In foreign affairs the US record of backsliding is held to be equally lamentable: recognition of Russia, intervention in World War II, Yalta, the Marshall Plan, the United Nations, the Korean truce and Summit Conferences. On one point Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., would have to admit Mr. Welch can sometimes tell a hawk from a handsaw. He calls Richard Nixon "one of the ablest, shrewdest, most disingenuous, and slipperiest politicians that ever showed up on the American scene," who "would ride any wave to the Right or Left that seemed likely to carry him farthest." Welch's heroes are predictable – Taft, Goldwater, Knowland, Jenner and Joseph McCarthy. Only one of these men is still in politics, and since Mr. Welch regretfully recognizes that Senator Goldwater has little chance of becoming President, The John Birch Society is needed to save the country from itself.

The arch American villain in the founder's melodrama is, quite logically, Woodrow Wilson, who introduced the income tax and brought the country into association with European powers in a war. In this mythology of history, which exploits deep-seated, traditional American antagonism to the Old World, Western Europe is seen as the ultimate source of all American troubles. "In my opinion," says Welch, "the first great basic weakness of the United States, and hence its susceptibility to the disease of collectivism, is simply the age of the *Western European* civilization." By the last half of the 19th Century Western Europe had reached its peak, and the "degenerative disease of collectivism, the cancer of social organizations, began its peripheral infiltration." Cajoled and guided by European collectivists, Wilson took the US into war, thus ending "America's great period of happy and wholesome independence of Europe. He put his young country in the same bed, with this parent who was already yielding to the collectivist cancer. We never got out of that house again."

In the American Castle

The Blue Book vibrates with the vision of a world frighteningly vulnerable to an increasingly successful Communist conspiracy. Mr. Welch has already written off Iceland, Finland, Norway, Bolivia, Venezuela, Cuba and Hawaii. He recognizes that Western Europe stands in great danger. What then shall be done? It is a hard problem. Defense spending is condemned as another form of collectivism. Foreign aid and treaties

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of alliance are departures from the sacred creed of isolationism. Negotiated agreements are "appeasement." There is only one answer: there is no real external danger at all. The menace is "almost entirely internal" and has nothing to do with "Russian military superiority." Standing in the American castle, this band of unhappy warriors can thus in good conscience devote themselves to attacking their domestic political opponents. The image of an internal conspiracy, spreading voraciously throughout the land, is not just a nightmare; it is a fiction that is essential to justify an isolationism which otherwise would stand revealed as simple irresponsibility.

The political problem of the Radical Right is the liability of its persistent negativism: "Americanism has become primarily a denial of something else, rather than an assertion of itself." Mr. Welch makes the charge himself and manfully struggles to do justice to its relevance. The result is an exquisitely embarrassing intellectual and political pathos. The last chapters of *The Blue Book* are devoted to revealing the great *positive* purposes of the organization, the "dream which is more important as a hope than the negative nightmare is as a fear." It is one of the saddest anti-climaxes in the tragi-comic literature of American cranks that the great shining *positive* goal is "less government." To be fair, Mr. Welch also adds, "more responsibility and a better world," but the reader quickly sees that it comes to the same thing. He does not omit practical suggestions – "reduce all the governments of all nations in the world to one-third of their present size."

Surely Mr. Welch is the most prosaic dreamer of a century full of "terrible simplifiers." Others have idolized the state, the glories of war, the superiority of "Nordic" races, the sweetness of perpetual peace, or the triumph of the proletariat, but only a retired candy-manufacturer and former member of the board of the NAM has had the necessary lack of imagination to make a reduction in force of government personnel *the* absolute. It is characteristic of Mr. Welch, too, to warn his members that they are not expected, like the Communists, to give "the whole of their lives" to the "movement," nor should they do anything against their conscience. (If they disagree, they merely resign.) Mr. Welch has obviously been impressed by the totalitarian organizational methods of the Communist Party (rank-and-file memberships, secret followers urged to form "fronts" and "infiltrate" other organizations), but he is no totalitarian at heart, only a fanatic disciple of Herbert Spencer and the lost dream of "rugged individualism" in an isolated America.

The John Birch Society is authoritarian in structure, but Mr. Welch is a long way from being a man on horseback. His program, if he can raise the money, is to establish "conservative" reading rooms where the *National Review* and his own bulletin, *American Opinion*, can be displayed with approved right-wing books, published by Devin-Adair and Henry Regnery; to promote the radio and TV programs of Fulton Lewis, Jr. and Clarence Manion; to deluge newspapers and Congressmen with letters; to organize "fronts" for conservative" causes (like impeaching Chief Justice Warren); to "infiltrate" the PTA; and to publish exposures of the allegedly hidden Communists and their friends who pose as respectable people.

Escape into Irresponsibility

Currently, California chapters of the Society are promoting the showing of *Operation Abolition*, a doctored film glued together from materials collected or subpoenaed by the House Un-American Activities Committee about the San Francisco student riot of last May. When Mr. Welch addressed his original cadre of 11 disciples at Indianapolis, he thought it would be "vain to count on either of the remaining investigating committees of the House or Senate" because, under Communist pressure and the Supreme Court's restraints, "they hardly dare even go through the motions of hearings of this kind any more." The filming of the May riot seems to have revived his faith. The film shows no evidence of any aggressive student assault on the police as described by the commentator Fulton Lewis, Jr.; charges were dismissed against all but one of the students; and no Communists (some of whom did demonstrate in the Hearing Rooms) were indicted for inciting to riot. But these discrepancies will not disturb the faith of followers of Robert Welch, who will point to the massive infiltration of the courts by Communist influences. The convenient circularity of this logic eliminates all doubts.

These embattled members of the Radical Right can do a great deal to harrass an overbadgered and vulnerable public school system, drum up hostility to a cautious judiciary, and confuse the struggle for civil rights. They can continue to sabotage the morale of the American community by fomenting vicious suspicion of neighbors. They will certainly distract many disaffected upper-middle-class people from the real problems of negotiation and competitive coexistence with the Soviet Union, the hazards of the nuclear arms race, and the responsibilities of government. In this futile dream of a lost American world some half-educated people will find a means of escape into fantasy and irresponsibility. "Fantastic?" Mr. Welch told his audience in 1958. "Of course it's fantastic. But everything I am talking is fantastic."

It is hard to remember after reading Mr. Welch that Communism is not really a private obsession of the Radical Right, but an actual force in the world, a force that wholeheartedly agrees with Mr. Welch that liberal democracy is "a perennial fraud."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Not Make a Deal?

When in the course of human events it becomes clear that the Soviet Empire needs engineers it can say to 10,000 selected youths, "Become engineers, or else spend the rest of your lives shivering on the lower reaches of the Ob or the Lena." So they become engineers, as who wouldn't? They become engineers and blast sputniks and air force majors into outer space leaving Americans with red faces and unquiet minds.

For we can't do that, or we don't think we can. Of course, there is the story that Professor Hamilton of the University of North Carolina used to tell his history class (but he never swore to it and I suspect it is apochryphal) of the colonel of the 43rd North Carolina Inf., CSA, whose regiment in the winter of 1862 bivouacked for weeks alongside the 18th Virginia Inf., CSA. A great religious revival swept the army that winter and the Tarheel adjutant commented on it to his colonel, who was thinking of something else.

"A remarkable thing, this revival," said the adjutant.

"It is, indeed," said the colonel, absently. "I never saw the like."

"I was talking to the adjutant of the 18th Virginia this morning," the adjutant continued. "He told me that they have 73 men waiting to be baptized next Sunday. And we have 42."

"Is that so?" said the colonel, then, jerking suddenly awake, "Hey! How's that? They have 73 and we have only 42? Won't do, won't do at all! Detail 110 men at once to be baptized. No goddam Virginia outfit is going to excel us in piety!"

So we could do it, if we chose. The trouble is that we cherish a lingering doubt that the unfortunate 110 made really first-rate church members. We know, or we used to know, a trick that is worth two of that. Long ago it became clear that the United States needed army officers. But then, as now, the career of an army officer was not lucrative. Then, as now, the wailing song that the bugles sang was,

You're in the army now,
You're not behind the plow.
You sonofabitch
You'll never get rich!
You're in the army now.

Then, as now, the young American who chose a military career had to yield all hope of becoming a business tycoon, drawing $300,000 and 30 days in jail in a single year. Then, as now, the inducement was not sufficient.

So the United States made a deal. To an intelligent, but impecunious youth it said that in consideration of three years of service after graduation it would give him, free of charge, four years of such education as would cost him a pile of money in any first-rate college. It was a fair deal, and it worked. The US got the officers, the boys the education and both were satisfied.

Today the United States, in order to implement its foreign policy, needs large numbers of civilian experts, engineers, but also agronomists, physicians, geologists, biologists, linguists, and pretty much everything else.

Now, all expenses considered, a PhD from a top-flight university costs from $10,000 up, and an MD may cost twice as much. There are many boys plentifully equipped with brains, who just don't have that kind of money. So why not a deal? Let the government foot the bill in consideration of a minimum of three years' service at an army lieutenant's pay after graduation. The government would get the experts, the boys the education; nobody would be stuck but the taxpayer.

Strictly speaking, he would not be stuck either, for the whole cost of the operation would be trifling by comparison with the cost of even a second-class war. Then a successful foreign policy might subdue the cold war to the point at which it would be safe to cut many billions from our defense expenditures. Finally, these would have been baptized, not by the numbers, but by their own free choice, which alone makes men good church-members or good scientists; and those who quit the government service after the agreed years of service would be very useful at home.

Logically, the deal has everything to recommend it, but there is a formidable obstacle in the way. The scheme would certainly be branded "creeping socialism," and we must, apparently at any cost, protect the sensibilities of those conservatives accurately described as men who oppose doing anything for the first time. The one ray of hope is the possibility that we might persuade them that West Point was really the first time and this is merely following the old fashion. Failing that, we probably must remain as hopeless as Montaigne who, after describing the remarkably just and intelligent polity of the "Canniballes," concluded, sadly, "All that is not verie ill; but what of that? They weare no kind of breeches nor hosen."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Myopia and Foreign Policy

by Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff

There are many things wrong with American conduct in the Cold War and among the faults not mentioned in these two books are that we are humorless – almost as humorless as our enemies, the Communists – and that we are increasingly given to cant so dense as to obscure political reality.

The War Called Peace
by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet
(Norton; $4.50)

A Nation of Sheep
by William J. Lederer
(Norton; $3.75)

The Overstreets and Mr. Lederer have written earnest books in simple sentences with italics to emphasize the important points. They have not written good books, but theirs are not mean books either. Indeed, Mr. Lederer's shines with indignation and idealism, and the Overstreets' book is ultimately a cry for a Jeffersonian challenge to be flung before the world. But both books, for all their earnestness, reflect a pernicious disassociation between word and meaning, between political slogan and true intent, that increasingly pervades our national life. The conventional fate of such books is a courteous dismissal. But perhaps to attack these books is the higher courtesy to that national cause to which the authors are devoted.

The War Called Peace is a 366-page compendium of truisms about Communism. If anyone doubts that Mr. Khrushchev is a rude fellow, capable of removing his shoes in public, and the self-confessed enemy of all we hold dear, let him read the Overstreets. They warn us that "the first thing we must know about Communism's ideological geography is that it cuts our world into two parts that are never to be reunited except on Communist terms"; that the Soviets are given to rewriting history and "this remaking of history . . . is *a projecting into the past of Khrushchev's foreign policy.*" And the Soviets, they point out, are insincere when they attack Western imperialism for "the Communists never acknowledge that they are practicing the very type of colonialism which they denounce. When they practice colonialism it becomes 'proletrian internationalism'." The emphasis and the use of inverted commas to indicate irony are all in the original.

What are we to make of all these hackneyed and derivative insights – not all of them by any means accurate? They cannot be called political analysis, for it is precisely at the point of analysis that the Overstreet book breaks down. The authors seem to be trying to tell us that Khrushchev's Russia differs from Stalin's and is therefore more deadly, but then they warn us that it really isn't different at all. They list Khrushchev's novel problems, quoting Professor Seton-Watson's statement that ideology is now an obstacle to progress in Russia; they contend that bureaucracy has overtaken the Soviet apparatus, "inertia, corruption, back-biting, jealousy, personal ambition, intrigue. . . ." They tell us that terror has been ended in the Soviet Union.

But then they insist upon invoking the image of Khrushchev's Russia as an Orwellian state. They cite, for example, the Soviet press's refusal in June 1959 to report Mr. Norman Cousin's denunciation of the American Communist Party before the Soviet Peace Committee. "This type of censorship – which is a common Soviet appendage to the amenities of exchange – has the flavor of Orwell's *1984*. In that book, we recall, persons were turned into *unpersons* by the erasure of every scrap of evidence of their ever having existed. What we are describing here is comparable."

Is it? Orwell's nightmare was an extrapolation – and not a very far extrapolation at that – from the Stalinist horrors of a decade ago. Those of us who saw that spectacle first hand knew how slight was the element of fantasy in Orwell's work. Well, Russia is a dangerous and sullen power still, and we are going to have a lot of trouble with it for a long time to come, but we are bloody lucky that Khrushchev's Russia is not the nightmare world of 1984 And it is not tending that way either. The newer Russia may be psychoneurotic, but it is no longer lunatic. It is a state with an inner dynamic; it is a cohesive society that has begun to find its own norms; it is not held together by the assiduous practice of brainwashing and ritual terror. And it is a state, whatever its material successes, very far from seeing its predestinarian dogmas about the political development of mankind coming true. If we expect to deal with this state we had better see it as it is. If our enemies practice ideological simplicities, need we compete with them in that field too?

A Nation of Sheep is an impassioned essay in muckraking and a plea for citizens to provide a stronger check upon, and better participation in, the foreign policy of the country. It is political journalism in the tradition of Nast and Steffens, but transferred to the international scene. Alas, to rid a society of Tammany corruption is a suitable end in itself; but when our diplomats learn Burmese and our Point Four technicians grow wise to Asian venality, what then? Are the solutions to our problems to be found in the mere reform of technique?

The author recounts scandals in Laos, Formosa and South Korea, the exploitation of the United States by rightist governments and the American willingness to be exploited. Little of what he says is new, although he is very specific in his charges and will un-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doubtedly convey them to a broader audience than they have had before. He says that the reasons for these scandals are incompetent officials and a system that rewards incompetence, the proliferation of government publicity and security systems used to conceal or disguise error, and a lazy American press. And he concludes with a proposal for a kind of para-military Peace Corps rather frightening in its implications, and a program for individual citizens and their local groups to work against national policy failures.

Mr. Lederer has written a better book than the Overstreets', certainly, a book about a subject he has experienced directly and about which he feels an outrage that must capture the reader. Those who have experience of American overseas operations know that if all is not so bad as Mr. Lederer describes, much is; and that which is bad is very bad indeed. The Laotian affair (and the author's account has unfortunately been dated by subsequent events) is probably the most appalling scandal of all our postwar programs; Mr. Lederer goes into it with his club swinging.

Yet this is a peculiarly dangerous book, for the assumptions upon which Mr. Lederer's case rests are precisely the assumptions which produced the conditions he deplores. Cure the scandals; reform the bureaucracy; rejuvenate the press; arouse local groups to a new concern for international affairs – what will happen? Lederer believes that then we might bring democracy to Asia and win the Cold War.

But all that America has done in Asia, all the money spent and all the maneuvering in Laos, all the effort expended in Korea and Vietnam and Formosa, has been intended to accomplish just that – to remake old Asia in a better pattern. Had we chosen better in our methods and programs and declined to support Syngman Rhee or Chiang Kai-shek, would liberal democracy have flourished? Would responsible governments have grown up, gladly allying themselves with the United States, while practicing land reform and winning the allegiance of the masses?

The answer, one fears, is that they would not have. Even after fifteen years of intimate involvement with Koreans, Chinese, Japanese and Indochinese, we cannot seem to realize that they are indeed Koreans, Chinese, Japanese and Indochinese, and that their experience, ambitions and intuitions are not those of Washington and Santa Barbara. It is this that so afflicts our policies in Asia, not merely that our diplomats prefer the cocktail party chatter of the international set and the company of Europeanized politicians to peasants and well-digging in the villages.

Should a day come when we acknowledge that those governments in Asia which are the most stable and the most vigorous, which have authenticity and legitimacy and are the least vulnerable to Communist subversion – and even military encroachment, are those which have not suffered a total American supervision of their affairs or an indiscriminate discharge of aid funds, we might be at the beginning of wisdom. We may look not only at India, which has enjoyed special advantages, but at vulnerable Burma, at Cambodia, even at Indonesia where impotence and anarchy are themselves a kind of natural inoculation against Communism. The end of our arrogant interventions in Laos we see now. Having destroyed the neutralism of Souvanna Phouma in favor of the easily comprehensible politics of a Phoumi Nosavan, our last hope is to restore that neutrality.

The consequence of Mr. Lederer's admirable zeal, one fears, would be to give new energy to the same old bad program. The effect of his recommendations would be to substitute for the villains of *The Ugly American* the Quiet American. And the Quiet American, we may recall, read all the right books and had learned the language. He abjured cocktail parties and visited the villages. But languages are not the same thing as a power of empathy – though the distinction is one we usually forget. The trouble with the Quiet American was that he was arrogant and innocent, a meddler, a fool.

The Shape of Time

– for Milton Babbitt

O Time O frightened river running ever
Out beyond our reach and aiming away from us,
Actually approaching never, what
Reproach is there for an enemy
So craven? On a hidden bank
Below the quietest tree
Deep in the forest
Even, you deal
The stabbing
Blow of
Now,
Here.
Within
The moment
That's just past
A silence lies; within
The hushed glade no beating
Of the stabbed heart. The moment dead
We turn upstream and watch the widening
Flow, splashing to murder, not to avoid.
Fled is the coward, but darkly from behind us,
A frightening ally rushes to remind us.

JOHN HOLLANDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And Who Was Elmer Davis?

by Gerald W. Johnson

And who was Elmer Davis? If you think that is a cheap wisecrack, go into the nearest high school and put the question to the senior class. If one out of five can answer at all, you have stepped into an unusual high school. If one out of fifty can answer correctly, you have found a miraculous high school. For Davis has been dead three years and he was practically out of action through physical disability for a couple of years before that; and if there is anything deader than the traditional doornail, it is a dead newsman.

Don't Let Them Scare You
The Life & Times of Elmer Davis
by Roger Burlingame
(Lippincott; $5.95)

Elmer Davis was an Indiana boy who won a Rhodes scholarship after which he worked his way from reporter to editorial writer on *The New York Times*, free-lanced awhile, then became a radio commentator, ran the Office of War Information during the late unpleasantness, and wound up on TV, where he did something memorable, although it will not be remembered.

For the correct answer to the question, Who was Davis? is, He was a national hero. Yet the high school kids should not be flunked for looking blank, for he was one of the expensive kind and they are seldom remembered. Cheap heroes we are not allowed to forget. Imposing shafts, equestrian statues, cenotaphs and campanili in memory of such are all over the lot; but a man whose public service quietly cost him friends, leisure, peace of mind and eventually life itself proves the truth in Mark Antony's bitter words: "The good is oft interred with their bones."

Elmer Davis was a man – despairing patriots sometimes thought him *the* man – whom Joe McCarthy couldn't scare. Throughout the obscene *Walpurgisnacht*, his voice repeated quietly, suavely, but as steadily as the stars in their courses, "it's not necessarily so." And the miracle of it was that in the end it proved that his, and not the howling cacophony in Washington was the voice of the real America that has always held that justice, decency and truth arm a nation more effectively than "reeking tube and iron shard."

This is the Davis that Roger Burlingame has undertaken to commemorate. He adds a great deal of detail about a singularly winning personality, nor does he spare criticism of some of Davis' administrative failures as the head of Office of War Information. This makes pleasant and mildly interesting reading, but it is important only as it highlights the figure that at a woeful moment in our national history embodied the spirit that made America great and, as hopeful patriots devoutly believe, will make it great again.

The Love of Two Oranges

by Robie Macauley

The fiction-writer's art is the juggler's art, Robert Louis Stevenson once said. "The conjurer juggles with two oranges and our pleasure in beholding him springs from this, that neither is for an instant overlooked or sacrificed." He went on to say that however intricate or obscure the subject might be, "the neatness of the fabric must not suffer, or the artist has been proved unequal to his design." But Stevenson ended his essay with an odd afterthought, "we enjoy the pleasure of a most intricate and dexterous pattern . . . and the two oranges, even if one of them be rotten, kept dancing with inimitable grace."

The Stone Arbor and Other Stories
by Roger Angell
(Little, Brown; $4)

I quote this passage because it seems to say a great deal about the kind of fiction Mr. Angell writes – the expert speed, the dexterity, the anxiety about neatness of pattern, even down to the suspicion that one of the oranges may in fact be rotten. Is it? If so, it is kept in the air so adroitly that the onlooker may never know.

Mr. Angell's best and most frequent subject is the decent American who is, at one moment or another in life, surprised to find himself inadequate when faced with some small trial of character or emotions. Nevertheless, each one tries to muddle through in his own way and it is in this act of muddling through the discouraging self-revelation that the characters become most affecting and human.

At other times they seem to be the victims of a narrative style so adept, so smooth, and so colorless that they are blended into the action of a story without ever seeming to force it through any will of their own. Or – like the juggler's oranges – they can go through some interesting pattern of motion without ever being self-propelled.

It is one of the paradoxes of style that its very feats may lead to defeat. At the crucial time when a writer wishes to say something really important or

ЭНЦИКЛОПЕДИЯ РУССКАЯ
From Aksakov to Zhukov
The only complete, at-your-fingertips reference to Russia
CONCISE ENCY-CLOPAEDIA OF RUSSIA
Edited by
S. V. UTECHIN
Over 2,000 alphabetically-arranged articles on Russian history, topography, religion, philosophy, culture. Compact format, with 32 pages of maps and photographs. 640 pages.
$7.95 at all bookstores
DUTTON
ЭНЦИКЛОПЕДИЯ РУССКАЯ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

compelling he is capable only of saying it stylishly. So it is with Mr. Angell at the moment when something true, angry, chilling, or despairing ought to be said. This is most clearly apparent in a story called "Some Pigs in Sailor Suits." It is a story told by a good-hearted decent narrator who listens to a cold-blooded discussion of the affects of the American atomic bomb. The Army Colonel who is talking shows a purely clinical interest in the amount of destruction and the size of the casualty figures possible. The narrator feels an increasing revulsion. There are two horrors here – the historical one we all know. The second is the fact that any man could become so exclusively and inhumanly a technician of that horror. It is a vital subject for the 20th-Century writer, but it is not a subject that gains any force by being reported in a smooth exchange of dialogue from the bar of a good New York club. That only serves to diminish it.

But aside from this miscalculation, there are many calculations that are carried through splendidly almost on the momentum of narrative style alone. An example of this is the title story, which is founded on an idea that nearly every beginning short story writer in America must have tried sometime. Mr. Angell, as a magazine editor, has undoubtedly seen it in hundreds of forms. It is the story of an old man stubbornly clinging to his home and land in the face of development and construction that are bound to ruin them. It is an end-of-an-era story, one in which all the roles and reactions seem assigned in advance. Yet, by a nicety of management and a fine sense of what not to tell, Mr. Angell is able to avoid the various quicksands of this situational cliché. In this case, the technique is superior to the subject and the subject, even if not born anew, is at least expertly revived from the dead.

Something of the same is true of "In an Early Winter," which is a humorous story about a proper and careful young lady who finds herself married into an accident-prone family and also of "Côte d'Azur," a kind of album-of-memory story which gains its modest end with true sympathy.

Amidst such a talent for craft, it is difficult for the fiction-writer to raise any suspicion of greater capacities. Mr. Angell does raise that suspicion at times – it is there, oddly enough, in the very failure of "Some Pigs in Sailor Suits." One can only guess what might happen if he were to take some big risks, attempt some thornier subjects, use language with greater daring, and chance the errors of ambition. The results might be astonishingly good.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Edmund Stillman *and* William Pfaff *are the authors of* The New Politics: America and the End of the Postwar World. John Hollander's *newest book is* The Untuning of the Sky. Robie Macauley *is the editor of* The Kenyon Review.

TELEVISION

Too Much Telly for the Kids?

When I was a child my elders were disturbed about my addiction to the movies. I watched adventure films, cowboy pictures, and passionate romances – all indiscriminately. Hollywood introduced me to ancient cultures, foreign climes, gangster methods, exotic worlds, and grownup sex long before they came up in my formal education. These stolen popcorn hours still seem to have been among life's sweetest, though occasionally nowadays when I see ancient movies on television I shudder to think of the influences my young mind was subjected to. I no longer wonder why at the time I heard so many dire predictions about the harm they were doing, not just ruining my sight but having deleterious effects on my character as well.

I still cannot say for certain whether my elders were right to worry so. To be sure, I cannot claim to have 20/20 vision, but I usually get around without glasses. As for the character, let's just say I have kept out of jail.

There were no movies to threaten my father's innocence and blight his childhood. His parents, though, worried about the penny dreadfuls that kept him in thrall. When I became old enough to discuss such matters with him, he said he was told that those early paperbacks, furtively purchased and read, would ruin his sight and bring about his downfall. As for sight, he did better than I have done; he got through life without any spectacles. Moreover, he too stayed out of jail and when the end came was mourned by friends and neighbors as a model of civic virtue.

Now it is my turn to worry about the young ruining their eyes and their character – with steady television viewing. I am just as spoil-sport about the children's favorite relaxation, and almost as free with dire predictions. The only difference is that my concern is tempered with a certain skepticism. Remembering the earlier censoriousness, I am inclined to doubt from time to time whether television, even in excess, is quite as harmful as we oldsters suspect it might be.

A recent British study, *Television and the Child*, sponsored by the Nuffield Foundation and produced by Hilda Himmelweit, A. N. Oppenheim, and Pamela Vance, came up with some findings based on fact rather than vague parental misgivings. I turned to it eagerly but found no conclusiveness about What Television Is Doing To Our Children, as they say in the digest magazines.

The children studied (4,500 between the ages of 10 and 14 in five cities) watched the telly for an average of two hours every day of the week, more time than they spent on any other single leisure activity. (At its worst, my movie-going never took up anywhere near that much time, and the supply of both pennies and dreadfuls available to my father was never so ample.)

The kids don't watch just any show. If a program does not interest them, or promise to interest them, they turn to another. In England where there is not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the dazzling choice a youngster faces in the Bronx or Beverly Hills, the only alternatives are sometimes between two educational-type programs, neither of which the small-fry would spontaneously choose, but which they have been known to enjoy once they have been made to look at one of them.

The higher the child's intelligence, the less television viewing he did. The brighter children tended to have wider interests and turned to television when nothing more promising, like outdoor play or social gatherings, was available. Parental example had a strong influence on the time spent watching the set. Art Buchwald claims to have a cousin in Brooklyn who has not left the living room since 1953. Apparently there are an appalling number of such people in Britain, too. For the Nuffield authors report that in three out of every five homes they went into, the set was going all evening. The children joined right in these television orgies. Where parents themselves were moderate and selective about what they would watch, the kids also tended to be more discriminating, even without rules or regulations.

Is TV an educational force? These British youngsters did not learn much from it, though those who had not learned to read or were too dull to get much out of books or school showed a slight gain in knowledge after television moved into their lives. The very brightest children fell a little behind in their school work, but on the whole the viewers tended to hold their own with equally endowed classmates who were never distracted by *Fabian of Scotland Yard*. Half the teachers interviewed claimed that the TV addicts among their pupils were tired and listless in class, but the researchers concluded that this opinion probably represented a pedagogical prejudice. Their findings indicated that television simply has no effect on classroom concentration or participation in school activities.

Television actually increased reading among the younger viewers, and not just comic-book reading, either. The serialization of books on TV stimulated some of the kids to get hold of the original; many child viewers, with their interests and curiosity widened, were led to seek out non-fiction books which they might otherwise have ignored.

The authors express surprise that so little concern has been shown by adults about the effects the content of TV shows has on children. In this country they would surely have added the content of commercials as well. Only the depiction of violence seems to cause widespread anxiety among parents and educators. But the Nuffield people suggest that the amount of violence seen on the screen is not so important as the context in which the violence takes place. What is disturbing to the young, especially girls, is the cumulative picture of grownup relationships that television frequently produces – the fear that what awaits the youngster in adult life are endless tensions, disorders, rivalries and smouldering hatreds.

Television and the Child – which has been digested to pamphlet size and is being distributed by the Television Information Office, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19 – argues that the values portrayed on the screen day in and day out have a much more lasting and determining effect on the child-viewer's outlook on life than the mere depiction of violence, however undesirable that might be. Children are notoriously receptive to new ideas and impressions of the life led beyond their own immediate environment. "If the values portrayed on television are slick and materialistic and give a stereotyped and one-sided view of societies and groups," the Nuffield writers hold, "these values too will be absorbed." This struck me as the most frightening observation in the entire report.

I don't know how we get to be what we are, and I don't think you do, either. But in any accounting, the mass media must be presumed to have a lasting effect. How many of my father's abiding attitudes toward the problems of life were hangovers from his penny-dreadful days? (He belonged to the Eisenhower generation.) How many of mine derive from the movies I saw years ago? (I belong to the Kennedy generation.) How many of my children's abiding values will be formed by the stuff they watch on television? These are awesome questions.

Those of us who live in Southern California were recently favored with two local television appearances by Robert Welch, founder of the John Birch Society. Mr. Welch, who has managed to avoid the peril of network inquisition, was first shown giving a speech at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles to several thousand worshipping admirers. The speech was followed by a series of topic-sentence questions from a few of his followers, which Mr. Welch never failed to answer to the ecstatic satisfaction of the full audience. The next evening Mr. Welch submitted himself to a half-hour's questioning by a panel of somewhat less sympathetic newsmen on Santa Barbara's Channel 3.

As all the world must know by now Mr. Welch dwells in his own political Disneyland, and there was a certain fascination in taking the full tour under his guidance. In the course of what was surely the longest speech ever delivered on television this side of Castro's Cuba, he made every stop – from Pearl Harbor to Cape Canaveral (both resulted from native Communist connivance) – then sent the kiddies home tired but happy to have escaped from

the talk of Moscow...
the talk of New York
MEETING AT A FAR MERIDIAN
by Mitchell Wilson
The first novel to be published simultaneously in Moscow and New York – now headed for the best-seller lists in both. The exciting world of international science is brought vividly to life in a story that is "absorbing and meaningful . . . holds a reader's interest from first to last, and has much to say and to describe that is important in our times."
—Saturday Review Syndicate
$4.95
DOUBLEDAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EUROPE

A low-cost unregimented tour with the fun of personal discovery. A unique route—up to 70 days & 24 countries on & off the beaten path. Russia, N. Africa optional. Unless the conventional type tour is a must for you, write

EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Box N Pasadena, California

Let us MAKE YOUR OPINIONS COUNT
Let us SEND THEM TO EVERY CONGRESSMAN
Let us do this for 33 cents a month
ACOPOLL (NR) 430 S. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order Money back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue Steven Williams, Jr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

Aardvark Press
AND GRIEVE, LESBIA
POEMS by
MAURICE KENNY 50c

LIVE IN A STIMULATING COMMUNITY! Modern Community Developers offers homes in well planned, intelligently integrated communities in Philadelphia area; Princeton, N.J.; Waterbury and Stamford, Conn.; Wilmington, Del. Co-op apartments available in Riverdale, Brooklyn and Bronx, N.Y.C. Write M.C.D., 84 Nassau, Princeton, N.J., or phone Stuart Wallace, Princeton – WAlnut 4-0702.

EVEN PAPERBACKS ARE CHEAPER
In Scotland. Send 30 cents to THE PAPERBACK BOOKSHOP, GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH 8, for catalogue.

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING"
Self-hypnosis. Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Details free.
Sleep-Learning Research Association
Box 24-NR Olympia, Washington

KEEP IN TOUCH
with today's college thought. $2.00 per year.
THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE
Whig Hall Princeton, N.J.

STATUS SEEKERS
can really impress their friends with a Mobile. "Big Brother is Watching You." Literary, artistic, political polemic prompter. $2.00 postpaid
T. Beaubien Healy
1241 Slater Lane
Toledo 12, Ohio

EXPERIMENTAL COMMUNAL SOCIETY
To be founded in South Pacific. Seek Members (21-40) Apply Box 25, The New Republic, 1244 19th Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

AFRIQUE *action*
The liberal voice of emerging Africa.
Edited in Tunis, in French. Send 25c for your copy.
HOWARD PUBLICATIONS
Room 503, 1475 Broadway, New York 36

history and its drab realities for a few unbroken hours.

In Santa Barbara, a John Birch stronghold, Welch answered the questions of newsmen with a candor that just missed being admirable. Aside from his usual doubletalk about *The Politician*, currently the world's most famous "private letter," his responses were in accordance with John Birch doctrine, which means that they were refreshingly outrageous for TV. Madison Avenue has not got to Mr. Welch yet, that much is sure. I switched off the set convinced that it was entirely possible the man was utterly sincere, which is both the best and the worst thing anyone can say about him.

In June the largest Catholic University in the United States will give formal recognition to television's contribution to American culture. Marquette, the Jesuit university in Milwaukee, will confer an honorary doctorate on Don McNeill, conductor of TV's venerable "Breakfast Club." Mr. McNeill now joins the company of such hooded celebrities as Dr. Earl Wilson and Dr. Art Linkletter, while Marquette can now be bracketed with Tri-State College of Angola, Indiana and Springfield College, which set the pattern for recognizing excellence where others in the Academy have been either too unimaginative or too fastidious to find it.

JOHN COGLEY

MOVIES

A Catalogue of Deadly Sins

A young idealist comes up from the provinces and is corrupted by the depraved city. This perennial theme now reappears in *La Dolce Vita*, surely the most loudly-heralded foreign film ever to be seen here. With many virtues, this latest Federico Fellini work suffers

La Dolce Vita
(Astor)

unfairly from advance blather; and suffers fairly by comparison with Antonioni's *L'Avventura*, which deals with some of the same matters.

Corruption, or at least skill in rascality, is well under way when we first meet Marcello, a young Roman journalist. The film opens with a gag of his – and a stunning visual effect. A helicopter flies over the city with a life-size figure of Christ dangling below it; he and a photographer follow in another helicopter recording the effect on people below, including a crowd in St. Peter's Square . . .

And we are off on a three-hour account of Marcello's money-sex jungle. The episodes include: making love with a rich girl in a prostitute's room; pursuing a pneumatic movie star although his devoted mistress has just attempted suicide; exploiting a false vision of the Madonna invented by two children; an intellectual's party where Marcello glimpses the life he wishes he shared; taking his visiting father to a nightclub and providing him with a girl; an all-night rout at an aristocrat's huge villa; the shock occasioned by the intellectual's murder of his children and suicide; and a final orgy in which Marcello feverishly tries to find ways to amuse his companions.

All of the film's 106 speaking parts are unexceptionably acted by a cast which includes Anouk Aimée, the rich nymphomaniac, Yvonne Furneau, the mistress, and Magali Noel, the nightclub girl. Even Anita Ekberg, as the movie star, is satisfactory. As the journalist, Marcello Mastroianni, an actor of force and beauty, gets the chance to display all his powers except his comic ones. Alain Cuny strikes a credibly grave note as Steiner, the intellectual, and Annibale Ninchi, the father, contributes a small gem. In fact, the father's episode – his increasing hilarity and his sudden quiet self-disgust – is the most satisfactory in the film.

Fellini, justly celebrated for *La Strada*, *Cabiria*, and *I Vitelloni*, is a director incapable of committing a stale or careless shot to film. His vision is lively and his command is firm, whether with an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intimate scene (the vitriolic quarrel with the mistress) or a mob scene (the fake miracle). He makes his actors search for truth and doesn't let them attitudinize en route. He puts his films together with a subtle rhythm and a sense of contrast which, if occasionally startling, usually justifies itself.

Yet about half-way through this film, I found myself thinking: "What next? We've had Exhibits A, B, C, of decadence. How many more?" For Marcello's story is not the point of the picture, it is only the strand on which these exhibits are hung – self-contained episodes which are samples of Marcello's environment. There is no dramatic cumulation. He is no more corrupt at the end than at the beginning; he is only more successful – and shorn of the wispy hope of being like Steiner, which was just something to mull about when drunk, like the old reporter's novel.

Fellini has set out to move us with the depravity of contemporary life and has chosen what seems to me a poor method: cataloguing sins. Very soon we find ourselves thinking: Is *that* all? We feel a little like the old priest in the story who is bored not only by the same old sins in the confessional but by the necessity to appear shocked so as not to offend the sinner.

There is something inevitably wide-eyed and sophomoric in an attempt to prove decadence by showing us the pair in the prostitute's bed, or Marcello riding piggy-back on a drunken girl, or by having a "respectable" woman do a strip-tease. (If we could collect five dollars from every suburban New Year's Eve party at which there has been a strip-tease, we could finance Fellini's next picture.) Anyway Fellini has loaded the dice by concentrating on the life of the Via Veneto, which has about as much relation to Rome as it does to us: a collection of international floaters of three sexes, remittance men and girls, film actors on their way up or down or through, and attenuated aristocrats. It is an ineffectual Sodom, made more remote by its orgies. I cannot remember a film orgy, from von Stroheim to the present, which didn't seem to recede as it progressed. Such episodes are apparently inherently uninvolving of the audience.

There is a recognizable desperation in all this, for the most difficult thing to render in art today is evil. What *is* evil in our lives? What will really shock a civilized human being today? Fornications in various combinations and places? Venality? Not likely. "What is sin?" Kafka asked. "We know the word and the practice, but the sense and knowledge of sin have been lost."

That seems a cardinal truth of our time. One perceives it in, for example, William Styron's generally undervalued novel *Set This House on Fire* which tried to embrace an understanding of fundamental evil and in which the author had to spend much of his time searching for meaningful large examples. It is easy to find small examples: misleading advertising, broken promises to children. But after Buchenwald, who sees Dostoevskian evil in odd matings? After Hiroshima, what signifies a strip-tease? After Freud, can self-assault evoke anything but pity?

This is very far from saying that life is now all anarchy and amorality. The evanescence of evil does not, theology to the contrary, necessarily mean the evanescence of good; it may in a torturous way mean an increase in good, or at least in compassion, to fill the gap. To hold up a lot of "wicked" pictures, as Fellini does, can do no more now than elicit that compassion. At worst, it reminds us that Fellini's Rome has not changed much since Nero's (if anything, it's improved) and that, like the poor, the shallow ye have always with you.

Antonioni's method in *L'Avventura* is quite different and much more effective. It is not survey but penetration, not to collect samples but to explore a few people; and it is a scheme always posed against abandonments and possibilities. But what has Marcello abandoned? Parties where ladies recite poetry and sing folk-songs, instead of stripping and shimmying. Steiner's spiritual bankruptcy is the only tragic subject in the film and it is insufficiently realized. Bereft of a cosmos, of anything more than book-club idealism (which Marcello fortunately never has the chance to explode for himself), Fellini's indictment becomes increasingly glib the more he slogs away at it. The execution is excellent; the concept is superficial.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Any Book

Out-of-print books located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Name the book—we'll find it for you! (Title alone is sufficient.) All authors, subjects. Fiction, nonfiction. No obligation.

Books-On-File
Dept. NEW Union City, N.J.

L'EXPRESS

The leading liberal newspaper in France today.
Send 25c for your sample copy.
Howard Publications
Room 503
1475 Broadway
New York 36, N.Y.

JAPANESE WOODCUT PRINTS
Masterpieces by Sharaku, Hiroshige, Utamaro, Hokusai, etc.
Accurately reproduced by hand-carved woodblocks using exactly the same materials as originals.
Authenticated by Tokyo National Museum.
Free catalogue.
Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints, Central PO Box 1539, Tokyo, Japan

ATHEISTS! AGNOSTICS!
THE SECULARIST
The leading, dynamic monthly magazine for you. Send $1 for 6 mos. trial (or $2 for yr.) to:
American Secularist Assoc.
Box 91-NR, Newark 1, N. J.

WRITERS!—FREE SAMPLE copy of PINK SHEETS listing top-notch USA markets for short stories, articles, books and plays available to you upon request. Write today! Literary Agent Mead, 915 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP

Grade A Gallon $6.45 ½ gal. $3.50
PLUS POSTAGE
N. Pliny Smith, Cabot, Vermont

"MAKE YOUR WILL!"
Two Will Forms and Book on Wills.
$1.00 Complete.
National Forms, Box 48313NR,
Los Angeles 48, Calif.

HAVE YOU OUTGROWN GODS, SAVIORS AND SUPERNATURALISM?
Is all your concern for people? Then you're a HUMANIST! Welcome to AMERICAN HUMANIST ASSOCIATION; local chapters, publications. Send $1 for three-month trial membership ($5 for year):
AMERICAN HUMANIST ASSOCIATION
Dept. NR, Yellow Springs, Ohio

SHAKESPEARE'S selected quotations from Plays or Sonnets. Beautifully lettered by renowned Calligrapher. Lithographed, two colors on parchment. For framing or gifts. $2.00 each. Free folder listing Shakespeare items.
HAND AND QUILL
Box 974, Sherman Oaks, California

Printed by National Publishing Co., 301 N St., N.E., Washington 2, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Trouble in Texas

Sirs:

TRB (April 17) characterizes the Texas Democratic Senatorial candidate, William Blakley, as an "ultra-conservative . . . rich, racist dim-wit," and suggests that liberal Texans should vote Republican. The description of Blakley may be correct, but the advice is absurd. The Republican candidate, John Tower, is trying diligently to demonstrate that he is far to the right of *any* Democrat in the Senate and more reactionary than most Republicans His lack of wealth is not relevant; his economic thinking is hardly to be distinguished from that of Barry Goldwater, who is, significantly, the only leading Republican to be closely identified with his campaign.

Murray C. Havens
Austin, Texas

Sirs:

We *do* live in Texas and *we are* voting for Blakley simply because we liberals were dim-wits and split our votes between two of the finest liberals found in any State, Gonzalez and Maverick, whose combined vote was larger than Blakley's. Now we must choose the one whom we think will do less damage. The choice is simple although not a pleasant one. Blakley will be a Democrat when it comes to organizing the Senate, and he just might be pressured into line on at least a few issues. Tower can't qualify on either account.

Joe D. Gilliland
Baytown, Texas

Mademoiselle and History

Sirs:

For a woman who complains about snide remarks, Miss (Mrs?) Nancy Lynch wields a mean noose. But assuming that Nancy Lynch (who didn't write the article I criticized) knows even less about folksongs than Susan Montgomery (who did), let me try to clarify a few points.

My contention was that *Mademoiselle*, like many mass-circulation magazines, operates without a sense of history; indeed history is where its research assistants find it. As a result, *Mademoiselle's* reporter confused a phenomenon which has deep roots in American experience with the many fads the magazine habitually popularizes. I mean to suggest that the renewed interest in folksong is closely related to a recurrent theme in American thought—the attempt to translate our political mythology into social reality. Folksongs provide an especially sensitive body of materials for the study of the notion that democracy has a real basis in fact. Thus if it is possible to show that an art form which issues from the lowest orders of society has some significant value, then it becomes more feasible to put one's faith in the idea of a democratic system.

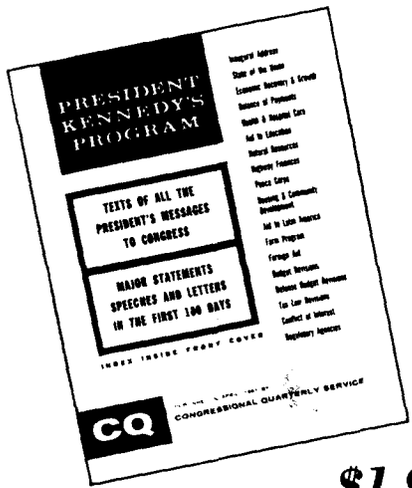
I can't blame Miss Lynch for defending *Mademoiselle's* virtue. But she might help the magazine more by encouraging her reporters to enroll in an American civilization course – or something.

Gene Bluestein
East Lansing, Michigan

Indexed

President Kennedy's Program

Texts of all the President's Messages to Congress and Major Statements, Speeches and Letters in the First 100 Days


PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S PROGRAM
TEXTS OF ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGES TO CONGRESS
MAJOR STATEMENTS SPEECHES AND LETTERS IN THE FIRST 100 DAYS
INDEX INSIDE FRONT COVER
CQ
CONGRESSIONAL QUARTERLY SERVICE

$1.95
plus 5¢ handling

. . . chronologically printed by Congressional Quarterly in handsome 80-page booklet.

Prepared by –

Congressional Quarterly Service
1156 19TH STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON 6, D.C.

CONGRESSIONAL QUARTERLY INC
1156 Nineteenth Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

Enclosed is $_____. Please send me_____cop(y)ies of "President Kennedy's Program" at $2 ($1.95 plus 5¢ handling).

Name (Please Print) _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED